

December 27, 1963

CASE OF JACK LEON RUBY, AGE 52

STATEMENT OF PROBLEM

A psychiatric evaluation of this defendant, who is charged with the slaying of Lee Oswald on November 24, 1963, is requested.

MEDICAL HISTORY

The patient has had many fights in which he has been at least momentarily knocked out. One of the most severe occurred in Chicago in 1928 when he was selling tickets at Soldiers Field. Two plain-clothesmen attempted to stop him. A fight ensued, in which he was hit on the head with pistols. Following this he was dizzy for some time. He attempted to sue the City but was unsuccessful. He states that in 1941 he had a concussion in a fight with two men. He was taken to a hospital at Edgewater Beach at night and then released. In 1955 at the Silver Spur he had a fight with three customers in which he pulled out a pistol but used his fists. A woman hit him in the head with a half gallon jug of wine which broke and cut him. He states that he had the end of his index finger bitten off in a fight with a customer in Dallas. He was taken to the Methodist Hospital where they kept him for a week.

Patient states he had scabies when he was fourteen or fifteen. He has had six or seven attacks of gonorrhea. When questioned about this patient makes a rather incongruous remark, "I was always very clever about myself. I used fish skins and I often carried my own syringe and medicine." When asked why he should have had so many infections if this were true, he replied, "The girls would throw me off."

Patient says he was not a bed-wetter as a child. He has not bitten his fingernails. His hands do not become moist when he is under tension. He says he has fainted only once. He idolized Barney Ross, the fighter. He attended a fight in San Francisco in which Ross was getting severely beaten. He says he only had about \$20 bet on Ross but he idolized him so much that he fainted. Ross subsequently won and the patient recovered in time to see the finish. He states he has never had convulsions.

Patient had a really severe depression that seems to have assumed psychotic proportions when his business in Dallas failed in 1952. He said, "I hibernated and became panicky for a couple of months. I had no desire for anything, I did not care if I lived or died. I thought about committing suicide a lot. I couldn't sleep or eat. I thought about my being a complete failure. I stayed in a little Cotton Bowl hotel and night club and the Silver Spur. He owed the government tax money and invested in these enterprises. Patient finally went to Chicago to be with his family. They recognized his seriously depressed state there. He could not get himself to do anything for several months. He lived at the YMCA because he didn't want to have to have intimate association with people. He did not consult a physician in regard to this illness.

Patient has had minor, depressive-like episodes at various times when he has met with failure and frustration but none that assumed this pro-

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PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

Patient is five feet, eight and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He has fine, straight brown hair and is developing baldness. His eyes are brown, pupils react well. There are no finger tremors, fingernails are short and clean. Hands are dry, pulse is 86, deep reflexes are somewhat overactive.

Patient has a very alert expression. During the first day that the Examiner talked with him, particularly when there were a number of people in the examining room, he seemed very tense and talked very rapidly and showed a great tendency toward discursiveness. It was hard to keep him on any one topic. However, when the Examiner talked with him alone or with Dr. Bromberg on the second day, he was relatively calm and it was much easier to keep him on target.

SCHOOL HISTORY

Patient says he thinks he must have been about five when he started school in Chicago. He went to several different schools and failed several times. He thinks much of this was due to the fact that he was shifted around in various foster homes. He says that he truanted a great deal, often he didn't have the clothes to wear that would make him feel comfortable to go to school. He commented, "As far as going to school was concerned I was very lax. I was much older than the others when I finished the eighth grade, I guess I must have been around seventeen." Patient went to the John Marshall High School but did not complete his first year. "Things were rough, that was in depression times and we never had the money for books and things. I had learned to peddle by that time so I just quit." While in the Service he had some schooling as an Air Force mechanic.

WORK HISTORY

Patient says he has worked all of his life as far as he can remember. He says when he was eight or nine he began selling shopping bags on the street, particularly around the Christmas season. His sister, Eva, gives an interesting account of how he came to her one day when he was seven and she was nine and told her of his enterprise where he could buy shopping bags for a nickel and sell them for ten cents apiece. He stationed her on one corner and he was on the opposite corner. She says that at that time he had a much better conception, despite the fact that he was younger, in business matters than she did. Their father came along and found her doing this and slapped her and sent her home. The patient witnessed this and escaped.

At the age of seventeen patient says "I tried to be an errand boy for a mail order house but I couldn't be regimented. I couldn't get up in the morning." According to his brother, Sam, and sister, Eva, he lost one of his early jobs when he was sixteen or seventeen due to the fact that he got into a fist fight with the manager over some disagreement and knocked the manager down.

Patient says when he was seventeen or eighteen he started selling things at different sporting events and in theaters. He regularly

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scalped tickets for sporting events. When asked whether this wasn't against the law, he said, "It wasn't really if you paid the additional tax but nobody did and they never did anything about it in Chicago." He sold banners at football games, parked cars at the Arlington Park race track, etc.

In 1934, when he was twenty-three, following the Chicago World's Fair, he went to California with three other men to sell tip sheets San Francisco to another track, Bay Meadow. When the races were over he got a job with the Bulletin and the San Francisco Examiner, soliciting subscriptions from door to door, offering trinkets to new subscribers. He says these were still the depression years and if he made \$65 a week he thought he was doing very well. By 1937 he got the desire to go back to Chicago.

At that time a young lawyer, Leon Cook, who was twenty-four, interested the patient in helping him organize the scrap iron and junk handlers union. Patient was paid \$22.50 a week on this job. He became a very close friend of this man Cook, who got into a dispute with a man named John Martin, who was a politician. According to the patient, the minimum wage in this industry was fifteen cents an hour, although the Wagner Labor Law had just gone in, assuring twenty-five cents an hour, and Martin was against demanding more than the twenty-five cents. This led to a quarrel and Martin shot and killed Cook, who died thirty days after the shooting. Patient says, "I loved that man, it just broke my heart. I quit and Martin was exonerated." When patient was asked how he happened to get involved in this type of work, he said, "I always wanted to be a humanitarian, I always wanted to help the underdog." This was in 1940. "I cried, I felt I'd never get over losing Leon. I was apathetic, he was in my thoughts constantly. I went out on the road to help me forget. I didn't have a middle name but I have used his name as my middle name because I never wanted to forget him. He came from a very refined family. He was a fine young lawyer."

Patient states that he then went around to different plants selling punch boards. This took him through New England, Ohio and the State of New York. "Then I went into a legitimate mail order business. I called it the Earl Products Company, named after my brother who was in the Service. We had a rating at one time of B plus one and a half. When I went into the Service in 1943 I tried to get my older brother to handle it but it was dormant for awhile. Then when Earl came out in 1944 he took it over and made it into a thriving business."

Patient was drafted into the Army in 1943, he thinks in April, and was honorably discharged in June, 1946. He had his basic training at Keesler Field in Biloxi, and then was sent to Goldsboro, North Carolina, for training as an aviation mechanic. He achieved a rating of private first class. He insists he had no bad time during his Service and was never Court Martialed. "I fought one sergeant and I chased him all over the field but the master sergeant knew what kind of a fellow he was and they didn't do anything to me. I remember I had another fight, I slapped a kid in the shower because he said something about Jews."

Patient's sister, Eva, was in Dallas in 1946, representing some manufacturing company that was selling a special kind of salt and pepper set.

He says they could not supply enough of these so the Earl Products Company was given the right to manufacture these in Chicago. Patient says, "I hopped a ride to Dallas to see my sister about this. She showed me where they were going to build a nightclub and said she was going to run it. She needed money and I told her I'd send her some. Earl and Sam in our business, so they bought me out. Then I made a trip down to Dallas with Eva's son, Ronnie. I didn't know anything about Dallas but then I found out that she had about the toughest location in the City. That day four fellows were killed in the City park. I gave her some more money. I was going to go into the thing with her but we couldn't work together in the same place. She always wanted to run things. So I went back to Chicago and lived in the Congress Hotel. I got the franchise to sell Cookware Ware. But then I got an emergency call from Eva. Our family will fight with each other more than any family you ever saw, but we are loyal and we come to each other's rescue. I do, particularly. She got conned into some swindle deal. It amounted to \$2,700 and she got arrested but after the indictment we had it thrown out. So I stayed on and gave her \$300 or \$400 and she went to California."

"That was in 1947 and I got started in the Silver Spur. Then my activity of belligerency started, -- knives and pistols -- you had to know this place to know what went on. You could get exonerated for murder easier than you could for burglary. The first night I was in business some fellow left five bullets on the table as a warning to me. I worked hard at it, I lived in the place a couple of years. But there offered me the chance to run his nightclub when he got jailed on some Federal charge and a lawyer named Fader offered to raise the money. I started to borrow from a man named Paul. I am in hock up to ten or twelve grand. Bob Will himself was a real lush hound. He wanted us to give him \$700 to continue to perform in the Ranch House. Fader was still with me and he was against it. That was in 1952 and everything went bust. My name was on the place and we owed taxes. I was going with this lovely girl, Alice Nichols, at the time. I felt I was dead in Dallas. I had given the Silver Spur away to some friends to run the Ranch House. I wanted to commit suicide and to kill this guy, Hy Fader, who screwed me." The patient was interrupted and asked whether he ever made any such attempt. He said, "No, it was just a thought. I laid in this Cotton Bowl hotel for awhile, then finally I returned to Chicago and lived at the YMCA, I didn't even go home. I felt I was defeated. I went to Earl's plant a couple of times but I couldn't stand it. After two or three months I went back to Dallas again. I got a call that these fellows wanted me to take over the Silver Spur again. It was too much roughness in it for them. So I made a deal, it amounted to about \$1,500, I think. I took over a half-assed movie theater next door and I got a chance to buy an interest in the Vegas Club in 1953. I also took over a little place called Hernando's Hideaway, so I was in four things." (This sudden burst of great activity suggests the kind of energy associated with a hypomanic state which not infrequently follows directly on a depression)

"I had a little tax problem in 1956, I had to get \$5,000 from my brother Sam to pay the tax. He got into the business. I got rid of the others, but then Sam and I had a falling out a year later and I

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paid him off. I was doing some things on the side. I made a trip to New York to promote a little colored boy who could dance and sing. Then I became distributor for pizza pie and for some medicine. I built some log cabins for a man named Gimble but we didn't do well. My brother Earl had family problems in Chicago. He cracked up and went to a hospital for awhile. He came down for a short time. I took over a private club in 1960 but I didn't make a go of it with all the credits involved so I changed it to the Carousel in 1961."

FAMILY HISTORY

Father, Joseph Rubenstein, died in 1958 when eighty-nine. Patient frequently uses words in a curious way. He described his father as "extemporaneous, I was the same way." On another occasion he said, "He was very belligerent, we were always ashamed. I am the same way, I blurt out, that's why I don't have ulcers." According to the patient's sister, their home life was an extremely turbulent one. The parents were separated most of the time during a twenty-five year period. The father was born in Poland and came to this country between 1900 and 1904. He had been pressed into service in the Russian Army for a period of seven years. He was a very heavy drinker and was a carpenter. He told the children that his family had built churches in Poland for several generations. He was a domineering man and the children were all frightened of him. He used to give them severe beatings with his hand. He was not a tall man but had a forty-four chest and was described as wiry. Eva was his favorite. He was a rather religious Jew, having a Hebrew teacher come to the house to train his three younger boys. Eva says, "It was the worst marriage you ever saw. My father was brutal. My mother was roped into the marriage by her family. She was the oldest girl. He'd go on drunks and we lived on insecurity." Patient says, "He was rarely paid for his work because he would get into arguments with people before he was finished a job. He always wanted to hit people with a two by four or a crowbar. He hit me plenty of times. He broke one of my brother's fingers. He always accused us of taking tools from his toolbox. He used to go after my mother so she'd hide under the bed. They called each other the worst vulgar names. He used to call her a nefke (prostitute) and she would accuse him of running around. We had to call the paddy wagon several times. But he was good-hearted, he never turned anybody down for food." The two older girls tried to keep the family together but the children were all taken over by a Jewish child-caring agency and placed in foster homes.

Mother, Fannie Rokofsky Rubenstein, died in 1944 when about sixty-eight. She was the daughter of a doctor and a midwife. She was described as a "gentle woman". She did a lot of hand sewing. When she was in her early sixties she was committed to the Elgin State Hospital in Illinois because of an involutional depression. She left the Hospital after a period of months apparently in good health. The patient is said to have been her favorite, reportedly because she had such a difficult time in his labor. According to the sister, among the boys the patient was also the father's favorite. "My father always bragged about his fights, how he clobbered this or that guy."

The sister, Eva, says that she sided with the father in the quarrels with the mother and she stayed with him for a time after the separation but then was taken away by the Jewish welfare agency. The three oldest

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children stayed with the mother. Apparently the home was thoroughly disorganized. The mother would send Eva to the father for money. He was supposed to pay \$44 a week for the other children during part of the separation. He would generally give her \$20. She says that frequently when her parents went out to work, she would pretend to go to school but would stay home. The patient was put into several foster homes, one of them a farm at Woodstock, Illinois.

Patient says his mother had red hair, was rather plump. "She was always very apologetic, always had an inferiority complex because she couldn't talk English. She was a good mother, she was wholesome. She would take care of us kids with the little that she had." Patient says he thinks he was her favorite because of the fact that one day he found a dollar in a butcher shop and brought it to her. He says he does not know whether she could read or write Yiddish. He was quite affected by her death. "I said to myself that I didn't want to ever forget her passing, what she meant to me. That was the first experience with death in the family."

Siblings:

1. Hyman Rubenstein, sixty-one, is single and lives in Chicago. He is the distributor for Floral Supplies. "He tried to be the big brother, he was very strict with me. He was raised in a boys' home and went far in school, even to law school. He seemed like a stranger. He's nervous and high-strung and suspicious. We had a stigma in our life, a very unhappy home, we were all insecure. He had drunk a good deal at one time, more than any of the rest of us. He's got quite a temper, he'll argue and sometimes he'll fight."

2. Anna Volpert, fifty-nine, is a widow. Her husband was a salesman. She has one son. Patient says, "She's a tremendous character, very loyal. There was a Chicago doctor who was in love with her but she couldn't see him. She was very beautiful. She works in a department store." Patient says in recent years he has been sending her money because he doesn't think a person in her stage of life should have to worry too much about finances.

3. Marian Carroll, fifty-seven, is divorced. She is said to have kept the family together. "She's not good-looking, she's so emotional. We never showed our gratitude to her, we took her for granted. We felt close but she is more inclined to love us than we are to love her. She worked for the government for more than twenty years."

4. Eva L. Grant, fifty-four, has been twice divorced. She has one son who is living in the far West. She is described as "temperamental and belligerent. I have been close to her, not that I wanted to be. Wherever I went I couldn't shake her. I had a little problem with her recently, I had to slap her. She is infatuated with the Vegas Club that she has been running for me for four or five years. She thought I wanted to get rid of it and we lost the good band indirectly through her. I got very belligerent with her. Once I was driving and had one of my other sisters and her two children in the car too, and Eva insisted that I knew someone that I knew I did not ever know, but she kept on saying it. I got so excited I swerved the car. That was four or five months ago. A woman can do that. I wanted to drop the subject. My other sister got so upset she went back home with her children. I was sorry after I done it." D2

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5. Patient.

6. Samuel, fifty, is service manager for a Washateria in Dallas. "He is staying out of this deal because of his four beautiful kids. The Rabbi told me that's why he hasn't been up here to see me. He's got a very peculiar wife, she's ungenuine. She is very hot-tempered and set in her ways but when he got in some trouble in Chicago I flew up there."

7. Earl, forty-eight, is in business in Detroit. He has a part interest in a very large cleaning plant. Both the patient and his sister, Eva, describe this brother as the most successful of the group. He has better practical judgment than any of the others. He is hard working and aggressive. He is married and has three children. Patient says, "We have been close off and on. He has always been sharp. He's for Earl, though, unless I am in trouble, then he is for me. Sam and Earl were very close but then didn't talk for years, just made up since this happened."

According to the patient, Eva was the only one of the group ever arrested other than himself and she was released without trial. Hyman was the only one who has been a heavy drinker. Earl is the only one who has had psychiatric hospitalization. He was hospitalized a few years ago in a Veterans Administration Hospital in Chicago when he was under a great deal of emotional strain and became very upset and did some drinking. Marian is said to be the only one who does not have a hot temper. "The rest of us won't take anything from anybody."

PERSONALITY AS DESCRIBED BY PATIENT

Ever since childhood the patient has been an extremely aggressive individual. He was always something of a promoter. He would want to buy things and sell them quickly to make money. His brother Earl speaks of the fact that when the patient was seven he took his nine year old sister fifteen blocks to buy some fireworks just outside of the City limits for eighty cents and sold them for many times that price.

The patient has always been quite conscious of his appearance and of his health. He went to the YMCA frequently to work out with weights and do set-ups. He is said to be a powerful long distance swimmer. He loves to watch football games and prize fights. He said he did some fighting when he was in the Air Force, an instructor challenged the men to come into the ring with him and even though he had had no prior training, he was the only one who volunteered and did quite well. He said he is very fond of dancing, is agile and has a "wonderful sense of rhythm". He described himself as being very susceptible "to the opposite sex, but I am very particular whom I am seen with, someone who will do me honor. She has to be attractive, I think a great deal of femininity."

On television he likes Gunsmoke and Paladin. On radio he likes Danny Kaye and Jerry Lewis, he comments they are both Jewish performers. He says he hasn't been to movies in three years, he is too busy. He liked the Caine Mutiny and also likes movies with Humphrey Bogart. He says he can't read "anything dry, I was never an efficient reader."

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reads the newspapers very thoroughly. He says, "I did like Dorothy Kilgallen until she wrote a column saying I was a gangster so I don't like her now."

Patient says he has done very little gambling, "that don't mix with business, you wouldn't survive." He has done some bowling recently, says he is quite good. He doesn't play pool. During the past year he has been ice skating. He smokes cigars occasionally. He says he drinks very little "unless I am out on a date and I want to get more intimate, it makes me less inhibited."

Patient denies the use of any drugs. When asked what kind of people he likes, he said, "I don't like immoral people like pimps and prostitutes. If they work for me I run them out." When the Examiner suggested that some of the strip tease girls must prostitute themselves, he said, "They are strict here, they watch you like hawks."

He admits having a fiery temper. When asked what kind of things are most likely to anger him, he said, "If they say something about the Jews, or if anybody calls me anything abnormal, like a queer, or if somebody strikes a woman."

When asked his life ambition, he said, "To be very well respected, to be a business man, to be liked by everybody and to contribute to all charitable and cultural things despite my background. I am thinking always in the highest degree."

Patient says he was raised in a fairly religious home. In 1958 when his father died he attended the synagogue twice a day for eleven months to say prayers for him. He said that he would go to the conservative synagogue on Jewish holidays and knew Jewish prayers.

Patient stated to the Examiner that he wanted to get into the Masons "but I always heard that if part of your anatomy was missing you can't get in, so with part of my finger off I never tried."

Patient has obviously some peculiar attitudes in regard to sex. When asked at what age he began to masturbate he said, "To me that's a very repulsive question, I always fought against it. I guess I started when I was about sixteen. It was sort of an experimentation but I was enough masculine to overcome it." Heterosexual relations started when he was about seventeen. He says he would generally have intercourse once or twice a week. "But sometimes it was more often, it sort of went in cycles." Recently he has been taking Preludin, a drug used with reducing diets. He says this seems to reduce his sexual desire. When asked if he would have relations with the girls who performed in his nightclub, he said with very few of them "but if I did, I'd always maintain my composure." He says he always refused to pay a girl, "then I'd feel I wasn't wanted." He tells humorously of how a girl wanted to borrow money from him and he had sex relations with her, realizing that she would never pay him but he made her give him an I.O.U. so he'd feel better about it. He says he has had no interest in perverse sexual activity and says that homosexuality always seemed very repulsive to him. "I won't be belligerent or hit them but if I go into a bus station toilet I won't even let them know I am interested." He says he used to frequently have sexual

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dreams about girls "but now that I am older it is not that easy."

Patient said several times that he "loves" the police. He states that on one occasion when a police officer was killed on duty he gave \$150, the largest contribution. He attended all policemen's funerals. He said that two officers, Blankenship and Carlson, came to his club one night and arrested him for selling beer after hours "but then they apologetic. And just then there were two fellows who demanded drinks and it was after the curfew. They told me to let them handle it but they soon found they had their hands full. I put a headlock on the fellows and finally they got the handcuffs on them and after that they were my friends. Blankenship would say, 'That Jack Ruby is a rough s.o.b. but he's our friend.' I always loved the Police Department."

The patient apparently had two particular women friends in his life. One was Virginia Belasco, the granddaughter of the producer, David Belasco. He met her in 1955 or 1958 on the Pacific Coast. She became a friend of the family's. She has never married. Patient's sister says, "There was a sort of crazy admiration for years between them."

For a period of ten or eleven years he went with Alice Nichols, a divorcee with a grown daughter, who is secretly to one of the insurance company executives. She is said to be a very high type person. The patient was engaged to her for some time and apparently she was anxious to marry him but he resisted marriage largely on the grounds of financial insecurity. They have maintained a regard for each other and she was one of the first people he called after the President's assassination. In talking of their relationship, he said, "She got the worst of the deal. I even went to the Rebels about her but I owed Uncle Sam a lot of money at the time and when I went broke in Dallas I cried and I guess she knew that we'd never get married."

When patient was asked for a self-evaluation, he said, "I've got a tremendous amount of conceit. I try not to show it. I am a gregarious down. I always wanted to be thought of as the nicest guy. I am suspicious if someone does crosses me. I can't tolerate people who are undesirable, I want to get rid of them like a cancer. I don't want to be a sucker for a girl, I'd rather help a fellow out. In Dallas here I am a foreigner. Invariably I have felt I was representing my people. I was in the toughest part of Dallas but I never got mixed up with any gangsters nor mobsters. I disliked everybody, they thought they could make me run. This was by whole career in Dallas. Jews are blamed for so many things. Like the Rosenberg, -- that broke my heart."

Patient professes a great affection for the City of Dallas. "I love this City, I went broke here and came back again. I know what great civic-minded people we have here, people like Leo Corrigan." (At this point patient wept) "I even had literature on H.L.Hunt, he was run out of New York by Robert Moses. He was not my idea of a right man. I knew about the City plan of Dallas, I could go into the office of Mr. Vaughn, a millionaire. Sometimes I thought I'd run for sheriff. I am a clean person and I know how to take care of myself."

On another occasion, in speaking of Dallas, patient said, "You can see millionaires at the table, they don't feel you are trying to clip

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them like they do in Chicago. It's the only City that can really handle the civil rights problem." Patient says he has no prejudice against negroes, he has served some negro friends in his club "but I wouldn't encourage them, the girls on the stage say they wouldn't dance before them." He would also admit negro Service men.

The patient has some neurotic fears, has a very mild fear of heights. He says, "I was really scared only once in my life. I went to San Francisco to sell liniment with a partner, a little Italian boy, and he was a tough guy. That was in 1953. He had a tendency to dominate me. My job was to knock on the doors to get leads for him. We had a little argument on the street and he grabbed the automobile jack and hit me on the shoulder and on the head but I wouldn't let him beat me. I jumped him and I thought I had him beat but I really didn't. He said, 'Let's be friends' and we went up to his room and then he showed me a pistol and said, 'We haven't evaded the score yet', so in the end he had the better of us."

PREVIOUS OFFENSES

Patient says he was never in the Juvenile Court as far as he knows and has never been convicted of a crime but merely of misdemeanors.

At the age of nineteen he was arrested in Chicago for selling pirated music sheets and was given thirty days in jail because he wouldn't tell the judge who was behind the business. Patient says he has no idea who was behind it because he had bought the sheets from another hawker. "But I enjoyed the time in jail, I wanted to see if I had the manhood to take it without whimpering or crying. Then I was arrested a few times for scalping tickets and released right away. In 1937 I was arrested when my friend, Leon Cook, was killed and I was held for investigation overnight."

"I've been arrested here five or six times. In 1953 they had me for assault to murder. They framed it up on me. This fellow wanted to keep me from the Vegas Club. His name was Irving Silona. We had a fuss the night before, and when he opened the door the next night I happened to be standing there and he said, 'You son-of-a-b****, you are waiting for me.' When he said that I bolted him pretty good. The police came and found a gun in my right-hand pocket. They let me out on a peace bond right away. They got me in the 5, 6 or 7 restaurant for having a pistol on me. I got fined. When asked whether he had a permit to carry a pistol, he said, "There is not a nightclubs owner in town that doesn't carry a pistol, but you can't get a permit to do it, you've got to be a regular business man. This is a very unusual part of the country. I never knew about a pistol until I got here. The other arrests were for violation of the curfew and things like that."

REACTION TO THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY AND PRESENT OFFENSE

Patient stated that he hadn't been feeling well since around the first of November. He had a bronchial cough and had seen Dr. Ulevitch, who took x-rays. He felt that he had "walking pneumonia". He said he never had time to find out what Dr. Ulevitch's x-rays showed, he was too busy. "In the morning I'd cough like I was going to die but nothing came out. I knew my lungs were affected. Less than a week before this he gave me antibiotics. They cost forty cents apiece. I saw a friend

who had the same symptoms and he told me his doctor said he had walking pneumonia. Then I had had gonorrhoea in October and was loaded up with penicillin, millions and millions of units of B.C.T.. You got to be careful if you get an erection when you take penicillin, it fights off the penicillin."

On the morning of Friday, November twenty-second, the patient became very much disturbed because the Dallas Morning News carried a full page advertisement, with a black border around it, signed by one Bernard Weisman. The purport of this advertisement was that the President's visit to Dallas was not welcome. Patient said he hadn't gone to bed until Friday at 10:30 at the club and had gotten up at eight-thirty a.m. He went to the Dallas News about eleven-thirty Friday morning. He says he thinks he talked to a newspaper salesman named Connors for about half an hour and spoke恶毒 to him for not accepting his invitation to go to the Castaway the night before. This was the nightclub that had taken his band away from the Vegas Club. He was there to put ads in the paper for the Circus! and the Vegas, since the weekends are the most important part of the week for his business. He remarked, "The semantics of words -- everybody says I am better than anyone at putting words together." He continued, "Everybody asked me why I wasn't at the parade for the President. I said it was too important for me to get my weekend ads in before noon. I do my own lay-out. Then Connors or John Newman walks in and says somebody got shot. I was terribly excited, I ran to the television -- I am going here, I am going there. They don't know who it is, maybe it is the Governor, the Secret Service man -- then they think it is the President, and finally they say the President is shot. They don't pay attention to me, I am nobody. I got the terrible news. I called home. I said to John Newman, 'It looks like I'll have to leave Dallas.' I didn't know why I said that except I felt the town was ruined. The town is so blemished it will be dormant. I called my sister and she is crying. I let John Newman listen to her cry on the phone. I said to him, 'John, we are closing down tonight.'" At this point the patient's eyes filled with tears. He continued, "I go down on the elevator, I can't say a word to anybody. I go to my car. I didn't want to break out crying, it wouldn't look too genuine. I drove to my club. The kid Larry was with me. I felt like a nothing person, like the world ended. I didn't want to go on living anymore. Then I got to the club I told them to call everybody, that we weren't going to be open tonight. Eve wanted me to do it over. She was sick, I was afraid to go, afraid I'd crack up. I called Al Gruber in California. He's a fellow with a very bad past but he had reformed and he just visited here. I promised him I'd send him my dog. I got the crate together and it cost \$27 to send it. I wanted to apologize for not havin' sent it. I called Alice Nichols, I hadn't seen her in months. They told me at Neiman Marcus everybody had to leave the store. I thought 'Such a person, how great he was, to be wiped out. He needed that job like a hole in the head.' I rarely leave my name for Alice to call b'cause people knew we were disassociated but she called me back on the public telephone. I was there about two hours and then I left. I went to the delicatessen about three or four in the afternoon. That is the only thing I can pinpoint that I did. I ate at Kosher food. I don't, as a rule, because of my diet, but I got about \$10 worth of stuff. I figured I'd get drunk on it. That stuff will kill you because you never know when to stop. I got to the house around four. Eve and I are both crying and carrying on, saying 'What did they do it for? Such a beautiful man.' We cried but we ate."

"I got a call at Eva's from Don Saffron, a reporter on the Times Herald. He said, 'Jack, I just wanted to know, does the Cabana's closing up mean you are going to close?' I told him I had already said I am closing. He said, 'What about tomorrow?' I said I didn't know. He said, 'Abz and Barney Weinstein don't know what to do.' They are my chief competitors. I turned to Eva and said we were going to be closed, too. Money don't mean that much. So I called him and told him we would be closed Saturday and Sunday, too. I called him back and said not to tell the others."

"I stayed at Eva's until six or seven. I called Dr. Coleman Jacobson, a friend of mine, a dermatologist, to find out what time is the synagogue service. His doctor who was calling to find out and I said Jack Ruby. I am not such a good guy, I got behind in my payments at the synagogue. I said to Eva, 'I got to go get dressed'. I went back, I don't recall if George Santoris was there or not. I don't know if I stopped at the club on my way to the synagogue or not. Andy would know that. I think I got there around nine and I asked the people what had the Rabbi talked about. I heard the end of it but my mind was so foggy I didn't know what he was talking about. I know I spoke to the Rabbi and he said he visited my sister at the hospital when she was operated and there was some Dar Mifgash party and I ate something. Then I rode around and checked in some places. The Ball HI was open. I was shocked not to find more people in mourning. The B. & B. was open, I couldn't understand it. They have all got so much money. I went to Phil Miller's, the Collector, the "miser", (bacter). I told him to make me up ten sandwiches and called the Henfield Department. I said, 'I know you guys are working hard, I want to bring you around some corned beef sandwiches.' He said, 'Thanks, Jack, but we are about winding up. I'll tell the rest of the fellows how nice you have been.' I heard over the radio they caught this Oswald but it didn't hit me yet. I thought it might have been an organization, I don't know why. I called KLIF, the radio station, Gordon McLenon is a close friend. He's given my clubs lots of free plays. I wanted to take the sandwiches down to them. I tried to call every number, I even called his home and his daughter answered and I said, 'I am a friend of your daddy's'. I wanted to be a help to somebody. I told the guy behind the counter to make the sandwiches fast, that I'd give him a free pass to my club, but there were only eight and I said there should be ten. I wanted to take some bottles of Dr. Brown's Code along. I tried to call and the girl there suggested I used the free phone when I went to the booth, but at that point money had no voice, the whole world was gone. I parked my car with the dog in it and the sandwiches. I figured the dog might eat them. I went to the police station and an officer stopped me and I said I was looking for Joe DeLong of KLIF. No let me through and I went in the hall. Everybody says, 'Hello, Jack.' It took away the tragic feelings. Everything was so bustling, so crude. My whole motive was to find out how I could get into the radio station. I can't get Joe DeLong. I even had an officer page him so I could get the right number from him. I was in this swirl of people and suddenly Oswald comes. The reporters asked me who was this one and who was that one. I was in a complete state of mental reaction, already I am with the deal. They are going to take him to the big assembly room. History is being made. I am standing on the table above everybody and people are asking me "Who is that?" I even passed out some of my cards to these newspaper men free all over the world. I just had my cards printed with the Petty girl on them and I am proud of them. The

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interview was all over with Oswald. I said, 'The little guy looks like Paul Newman'." The patient was asked whether he had his gun with him at the time. He said that he had taken it out of his pocket and left it in the car when he went into the synagogue, that it is sacrilegious to go into the synagogue with a gun, but that he put it in his pocket again. He had between \$1,600 and \$1,800 on him at the time. He said if he had wanted to shoot Oswald he could have shot him very easily when he was in the assembly room. He said that outside he heard District Attorney Wade saying something about this man being a member of Free Cuba but he corrected him because he had heard it said that he was a member of the Fair Play for Cuba. Patient was asked to tell more of his feelings about the President's assassination. He said, "It was the greatest tragic loss and the City had suffered. There was the greatest magnitude of feeling. I was carried away in mourning, more than when my father died or if my brother had been killed."

According to Mr. George Santoris (Senator), who had moved back with the patient the first part of November after having lived with him for four or five months last year, the patient woke up about three o'clock Saturday morning. "He was in bad shape, he was really grieving. He said to me, 'George, I saw a poster and read where they want to impeach Warren, they must both be the work of the Birch Society or the Communist party.' He phoned Larry Crawford, who works at the club and sleeps there. He is a young white boy who was left behind in Dallas when some amusement crowd went broke and he had been befriended by Jack. He told him to get the Polcroid ready, and the three of us went out and took a flesh of this poster that was on the wall. Jack wanted to know why people would put things like that up. From there we went to the Post Office, that was around five o'clock Saturday morning. This ad of Bernard Weissman had him all upset. It had Post Office Box 1792 on it. Jack at first thought that the Warren ad had the same Post Office Box but we found that wasn't true. Anyway, we got in the Post Office and we found the Box and it had a lot of mail in it and he asked the man who had the Box and he said he couldn't tell us, we would have to go to the Postmaster. So we went back and I had coffee and he had grapefruit juice, like he always has, it is his favorite drink. He looked in the telephone book and the directory for Bernard Weissman's name but couldn't find it. It was about six when we got home and we both went to sleep. I got up around ten or eleven Saturday morning and watched television. Why did it have to happen to such a wonderful family? When I went out around noon Jack was still there. I went shopping and bought some food and came home and cooked it. I had my dinner around seven-thirty and left around eight-thirty. I was with some friends but everybody was depressed so I went back home. When I woke up at eight or nine Sunday morning he was still sleeping. I woke him up and he kept repeating many times, 'Why did it have to happen to this poor family?' To me it looked like he was in shock, he was definitely grieving. He got a call from Fort Worth from Lynn, a girl who worked in his club. She wanted \$150 and he said he would send it Western Union. He left around ten-fifteen or ten-thirty. He had been pacing back and forth. He had a dry bronchial cough and he said he was going to the club and walk the . . ."

Patient says that he was awakened early that morning by the telephone call from the girl who wanted a \$25 draw on her salary. She asked him whether he wanted her to come over to his apartment. Patient remarked, "I think she lives with a pimp. She's supposed to be married to him, and I didn't want her to know my apartment, so I told her I would send it to her by Western Union. I left. I had all my money on me so I took my pistol. When I left home I talked to a neighbor next door about some fences, then drove down the Freeway and changed my course to go over to the Industrial Building and then on to Main Street so I'd be closer to the wreaths that had been laid out in honor of the President. On my way to Western Union I see a lot of people gathered down at the ramp at the police station. I made an illegal left turn. It was Sunday and as a rule there are not many police watching. I was not in any hurry but there was no traffic coming and I am known for doing little crazy things. I went to Western Union and sent the money. I had parked the car with the dog in it and as I came out curiosity got the best of me. I wanted to see what was going on. I was only about a third of a block away. I noticed a policeman guiding an automobile out of the City Hall so I walked down and there was nobody around me and suddenly out of the elevator or whatever it was I see this vicious person, this animal. If I had had to pay for a parking ticket where I parked my car it would never have happened. I thought maybe Henry Wade or Captain Fritz was talking to the newsmen after the transfer of Oswald was over. I thought I might get a scoop for my friends at the radio station, but I saw Oswald. He had a very smirky, cunning, vicious look like an animal, like a Communist. I thought I might be looking at a rat. I don't recall if I said, 'You killed my President', or if I said anything. I don't recall if he said anything."

Patient was then asked why he didn't shoot more than once. He said, "They grabbed my hand. After they brought me upstairs in the elevator I felt relieved. I don't remember just how they wrestled me to the floor. I think I said, 'You don't have to beat my brains out, I am Jack Ruby.' It flashed through my mind, 'Why are all these guys jumping on me?' I am very known person with the police and with everybody else. I am not somebody who is a screwball."

When asked what impelled him to shoot, he replied, "I don't know. Here is a vicious animal -- and what the world has lost. I went crazy. I didn't think what could happen to me." He was asked whether the police said anything after he shot and he said, "I don't know, I think before I went to the ground a cop said, 'Jack, you rat'."

Patient was questioned further about his feelings in regard to the Bernard Weisman advertisement and what he could have done about it. He said, "I thought I could get hold of Gordon McLennan. He had gone on the radio about such things. The fact that he was a Jewish man was a big thing. I thought maybe he was associated with the Warren poster." When asked what he thought the significance of the black border was, he said he didn't realize it had a black border, somebody later pointed that out.

When questioned about his attitude toward other Presidents, he said he felt very strongly about Roosevelt's death. "When he died I cried like a baby." When asked what he thought of Truman, he said, "Later on he proved to be a very good President but there wasn't a lot of sentimentality with him. Kennedy's family was the happiest family we ever had in the White House."

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When asked what he thought was behind Oswald's behavior, he said, "From what I heard about him he defected to Russia and he was closely tied to Cuba. What surprised me was that he was in the Service. In other words, I don't even bother about him. Here's such an insignificant man who disposes of a man of such great richness, such a great humanitarian. He was a mechanical thing who disposed of somebody so great. I can't explain it."

The Examiner then asked, "Do you ever think of Oswald's wife and children?" At this question the patient looked quite shocked and hurt and replied, "Now, you make me remorseful. I don't know how to answer that."

There seems to be no feeling of guilt whatever on the patient's part about the slaying of Oswald. He seems to feel that it was some agent outside of himself that carried out the act, and that Oswald was really not human. It was only when he was questioned about Oswald's wife and children that he was unable to use his defense of denial, that the man was not a real human being.

AUXILIARY INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE PATIENT, WHICH WAS CARRIED OUT IN THE PRESENCE OF DR. BROMBERG AND PATIENT'S LAWYERS

Patient was questioned about whether he had ever engaged in any gun-running to Cuba. He said, "I was always an opportunist. When Castro first came in he was considered a hero and I thought maybe I could make a deal in selling jeeps to Cuba. He was still a hero at the time, his brother was the first one to turn. Steve Allen and Jack Paar and Jake Garvey's son were all interested then in making deals with him. I had been associated with a very high type person, but a gambler, Mack Willie, who ran a club in Cuba, so I went there for eight or ten days. I learned a lot from Mr. Willie, I learned how to eat and dress. He looks like a banker. When I went to Cuba I wouldn't let it be known here because a lot of rough guys come to my joint and if they knew I wasn't around they would break it up. I had once loaned Mr. Willie a little money. The finer things of life I learned from him. He sent me tickets to Cuba -- think of it -- a man like that sending me tickets. I took with me a picture of a Mrs. Fox taken with a girl in Dallas that I wanted to show to Mr. Willie and they held me for hours. It seems that the Fox people had been in with Batista." Patient says that he got quite frightened in Cuba. In one cab he felt sure they were going to roll him so he jumped out of the cab.

The patient expressed some strange ideas about the drug Preludin, which is used in dieting, and which, in most individuals, produces little or no sensations. Patient said, "It makes you a positive thinker you don't have any inferiority, your reflexes are great." He says he took this drug on the morning of November twenty-fourth. He had taken Amobar, an amphetamine drug, some years before. He said that he would get drugs gratis from doctors from the drug house who were patrons of his clubs. He also took C.R.D., which one puts in coffee. He remarked, "I am a very vain person. I thought it made my hair deteriorate so I stopped it." This apparently is some medication which coats the stomach and satisfies hunger. He felt that this did not

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sort of stimulating effect. "It keeps you from laying down and wanting to take a nap. It takes out your procrastination."

Patient says that toward the end of November he was under great strain. He wasn't feeling well physically. One of the bands had quit. "It wasn't easy to take care of these girls, they are crazy anyway, and I had the problem of paying the excise tax, but Preludin helped me to be able to handle all of this."

He says if he combined Preludin with liquor "it makes me nasty and very argumentative." If he combined liquor with C.R.D. "I don't care about things." He volunteered, "I am very sadistic when I am handling people who want to tear my head off, -- if somebody cuts at me. This is a very homicidal town."

The patient had in his pocket a small picture of the late President with a black border and Christian prayers on the other side. He looked at this on a couple of occasions and tears welled up in his eyes. Once during the interview the patient said, "I am one of the most colorful persons you ever met and I went with the most gorgeous girls in town. This girl, Alice Nichols, had so much character and so much class, she thought I'd be somebody." At this point patient said, "All the Police Department loves me."

He expressed great sensitiveness to the Bernard Weisman advertisement "because it was detrimental to my people. We are always the scapegoat. I thought General Walker might be behind it."

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